



In The Millenium.

NOTHING shall show the white splendor of
In the Millenium!

The pale, sparkling blue forever shall shine,
In the Millenium!

The golden grapes drip with a delicate wine,
In the Millenium!

The red roses dance in the lush, traffic vine,
In the Millenium!

The song birds shall sing in an evergreen bower,
In the Millenium!

And twilight and thrill through an evening hour,
In the Millenium!

And never a leaf in the green forest goes,
In the Millenium!

Is born from its song—for no dark, wintry day,
In the Millenium!

Nor black, thunders storm shall rise wild in
our way,
In the Millenium!

Never a heart shall be broken on earth,
In the Millenium!

Never a misery follow our path,
In the Millenium!

Never shall longings be, for joy,
In the Millenium!

Never be penitence, failure, or grief,
In the Millenium!

Never be poverty, bereavement, or pain,
In the Millenium!

Never a coffin or cold winding-sheet,
In the Millenium!

Nor blue myrtles creeping at headstone and foot,
In the Millenium!

No sad, stricken souls bending down by the dead,
In the Millenium!

To kiss the pale corpse, whence the spirit has fled,
In the Millenium!

While the torn, blood-stained and hot tears
are shed,
In the Millenium!

The fires of friendship shall faithfully burn,
In the Millenium!

Heart unto heart shall unchangeably turn,
In the Millenium!

Shall think of not of sound and of sight,
In the Millenium!

The wrong that is rampant always be right,
In the Millenium!

Nor forget that death be the symbol of might,
In the Millenium!

The dream be fulfilled of the poets and seers,
In the Millenium!

And all the grand yearnings of infinite ages,
In the Millenium!

The march of humanity, strong and sublime,
In the Millenium!

Shall ring with the footsteps of angels in every
clime,
In the Millenium!

PENDERLEITH.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

A SLIGHTED LOVE.

I need not say how he replied, Ger-
ard; no doubt, in the same fashion
as you would have replied to Alma.
"Well, very soon all in our society
knew of the engagement, and, both with
sorrow and nervousness, I reflected how
Gertrude would receive the news. I had
not seen her since I left St. Louis, and
her family came to town late in the sea-
son."

"The first time we met was at a ball
given by Lady Tiverton, I was seated
by Lyle when she entered the room. I
never had seen her look more lovely.
Her flowing dress of tulle silk, festooned
with filmy lace, gathered together
with knots of pascies, displayed to ad-
vantage her tall, exquisite figure, and
dazzling throat and bust. Her dark
hair was arranged in the Grecian style,
with bands of pearls, while her com-
plexion was so singularly white, save for
the brilliant bloom on the cheeks, that
one who did not know Gertrude might
have declared it artificial."

"Oh, how ever could you have selected
me, Lyle, when you might have had
Gertrude for a wife?" I ejaculated, with
involuntary admiration.

"Handsome is that does," he rejoined,
calmly.

"So is a dress—only beware the
claws!" he answered, looking intently
at her.

"What do you mean?"

"That Gertrude Ray, despite her calm
appearance—despite those sweet smiles
with which she greets her friends—is at
this moment possessed by a fiend whose
mark is on her cheek, and in her spark-
ling eyes. She is consumed with fury—
she is a beautiful powder magazine,
which it requires but a word to spring."

Before I could inquire his meaning, I
had, with another partner, to join a
quadrille then forming.

That Gertrude was aware of Lyle and
my engagement, I knew by her strict
avoidance of us; but, otherwise, she
showed no other sign till near the con-
clusion of the evening.

"I was standing alone in a conserva-
tory leading out of a small dressing-room
when close to my ear were heard the
words, 'Hypocrite! Viper! You have
played your part well, but it shall be to
your ruin and his!'"

"I turned in dismay, then recoiled as
I encountered Gertrude Ray's face bent
close to mine! How fearfully changed!
Beautiful, splendid it still was; but the
beauty, the splendor was that of a Me-
dusa. Never would I have believed a
human face could have borne such an
expression. Her widely opened eyes ap-
peared actually to emit fire; her disten-
ded nostrils were dilated, putting like
the tigress to which Lyle had compared
her; while her lips an ashen white, were
so contracted as to disclose the strong,
clenched, glittering teeth beneath. Her
expression held me spell-bound, and she
proceeded, catching my wrist so fiercely
as to hurt me.

"Marry—marry him, hypocrite, and
I'll ruin you both!"

"Recovering myself a little, I replied,
'Gertrude Ray, I am no hypocrite.—
It was only when I knew Lyle Pender-
leith had never loved you, nor never
would, that I consented to be his. As to
ruining him or me, you must show me
how it is in your power, before I believe
it.'"

She laughed a low, short laugh.

"How?" she repeated. "Why, is he
not a pauper on his brother's bounty?
—existing chiefly on the income he allows
him?" And when you marry him, if you
do, you should choose to let that in-
come continue, which I shall not would
be a pauper upon me?"

"You?" I exclaimed.

"I," she answered—"I, too, am en-
gaged," and she brought her beautiful,
awful face closer to mine. "I have ac-
cepted Sir Graham!"

"Never!" I cried.

"And at that moment, I recognized
to the full extent the fearful vindictive-
ness of Gertrude's nature."

"Yes!" she added, triumphantly.

"Yet Sir Graham Penderleith is scarcely
likely to cast off an only brother for a
wife's jealous whim."

"Is he not?" she responded, with a soft,
unpleasant laugh. Then, plucking or
rather tearing, a delicate tendril from
an exotic parasite growing near, she
twined it rapidly round her white fin-
gers. "Do you see that?" she continued.

"Well, as easily as I wind Sir Graham
round my finger. He has scarcely a will
of his own now. When I have married
him, he will have none."

"I believe it yet, nevertheless, an-
swered, 'So be it. I congratulate Sir
Graham on his future happiness. As to
Lyle, he is a barrier; and, after what
has passed, I know he will agree with
me—it would be preferable to starve on
what he makes by his profession, than
accept a shilling from his brother's
hands until, should Sir Graham die
without male heirs, Penderleith, by
rights, became his.'"

"I never shall!" she replied, passionat-
ly.

"I slightly raised my shoulders, and,
anxious to put an end to the disagree-
able scene, prepared to quit the conser-
vatory, when, stopping me, she asked,
earnestly, 'You intend to tell Lyle of
this?'"

"Most assuredly I do."

"Then I will show you something else
to tell him."

"Before I could prevent her—how she
did it, I cannot tell, only that I was
smaller of stature than she—she had
swung me back on a seat, then aside
my cloak, and, forcing her hand down
my bodice, reaching the lace, possessed
herself of a locket attached round my
neck by a small gold chain, which her
violence snatched.

"Yes," she said, calmly regarding it,
indifferent to my indignation. "It is as
I thought—his likeness."

"Then, casting it on the marble floor,
she crushed it beneath the heel of her
satin boot; adding, 'Tell Lyle Pender-
leith that how I serve his likeness, so
would I serve him, if I had the power!'"

"This was an outrage I could not bear,
and, starting to my feet, I strove to re-
trieve the locket."

"As easily as if I had been a child, she
raised me by the shoulders—shook me
till the whole place seemed to whirl
round—then, hissing in my ear, 'Oh, if
I only dared murder you!' flung me from
her, and quitted the conservatory."

"Staggering, I fell, insensible from ter-
ror, on a seat, for I felt I had to do with
a mad woman—yes, as surely as I believe
her ladyship mad now."

Well we were both married; Lyle, on
hearing what I had to tell, renouncing
all aid from Sir Graham, and living on
what his profession brought, my dowry,
and a trifling income left him by his
mother. Soon after, however, relations
of mine dying, left us most unexpect-
edly, a considerable fortune, when your
father, between whom and Sir Graham
ever existed a warm friendship settled
here.

But their intercourse was rare—indeed,
they seldom met. Gertrude had spoken
the truth—married, the Baronet ceased
to have a will of his own.

Once, only, did he make a strong
effort to assert it—that was, in refusing
to destroy the entail which Lady Pen-
derleith desired should be done, though
her first child was a boy. She however,
knew the sickly child could not live.

The contest was long, but Sir Graham
had to yield. Poor fellow! I can im-
agine the life he led till he died! The
estate ceased to be entailed, the baby
died, and by will, the whole of Pender-
leith was settled on Alma, after her
mother's death.

"Now you have the entire story, my
dear Gerard, and see why her ladyship
rejects your suit, and threatens to squan-
der every penny, should you persist in
becoming her son-in-law."

"Which, if Alma will consent, I cer-
tainly shall," answered the young man.
"You are a strange recital of a strange
woman."

"Of a mad woman, you might say;
whom," laughed Mrs. Lyle, "you are go-
ing to drive into insanity itself."

"Yes; what care I for Lady Pender-
leith or her money? I cast both to the
winds, I have enough for both of us."

"Assuredly. And, as I have prom-
ised, I will not thwart you. I could, cer-
tainly, considering circumstances, have
wished your selection of a wife had been
different. But such matters are beyond
control. So, Gerard, win her, wed her,
then bring the poor child home to me,
who will love her for your sake, if not
for her own."

She rested her hand fondly upon his
shoulder. Rising, he kissed her in
thanks. The servant, bringing in
the candles—for the night had crept
quickly on the footprints of twilight—
put a stop to the conversation; where-
upon Gerard took his hat from a side-

table.

"Where are you going?" asked Mrs.
Lyle, when they were again alone.

"To Penderleith, of course," he answer-
ed.

"To see Alma?"

"Yes; most certainly not her ladyship,"
he laughed. "I told her yesterday of
your intended visit, and she promised,
if possible, to meet me in the Fir Wood
this evening, and hear the result; as
she is likely to do so from her lady-
mother, who, since she has learned of my
affection, keeps her almost a prisoner
to the house, never by any chance per-
mitting her to go beyond the park's
boundary alone. The latter, however, I
manage to scale, when, if I do not find
Alma at the rendezvous, like a thief,
regardless of gamekeepers, I steal to the
house, and while softly beneath her
window, from which generally a letter
drops down to me, suspended by a string,
to which I attach my epistle in return."

"Gracious!" smiled Mrs. Lyle; "what
bars or rules are strong enough to keep
out Sir Gerard?"

"None. He is far too invincible a
warrior. Men's strategy may fail them
in war, in commerce, in administration,
but it never will in love. As a result—
To-night I must win Alma's consent to
be mine—to fly with me at once, if pos-
sible. If we delay, her ladyship may
put obstacles in our path that it might
be difficult to overcome."

"You say truly; what you do must be
done at once, or not at all."

"Pray for my success, then," he rejoined,
as, with a bright, hopeful laugh, he
quitted the room.

A quiet smile on her face, Mrs. Lyle Pen-
derleith remained awhile silently gaz-
ing at the fire; then she said, half aloud,
"I hope Alma will have courage enough
to yield to his persuasions. It will cause
a great commotion and turmoil, truly;
but what matter? There is something I
rather like in declaring war against such
a vain, resentful woman as her lady-
ship, especially when we are sure of vic-
tory. Alma must consent to make an
elopement of it. So my lady can harm
no more than by keeping her money,
to which she is welcome."

But Mrs. Lyle was slightly in the
wrong. Lady Penderleith certainly
could not harm her, nor Gerard; but
Alma, a quiet, gentle girl, was her lady-
ship's own daughter, besides being some-
what in her ladyship's power. When her
ladyship had declared a thing should
not be, her ladyship was one who would
stop at nothing to prevent it. And she
had declared that Alma should not wed
her cousin Gerard.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE FIR-WOOD.

The moon was just lifting her silver
disc, accompanied by a retinue of stars,
above the New Forest, casting slanting,
shimmering bars through the tangles of
the fir-wood, rendering their sombre
foliage more sombre still by contrast,
as, pacing beneath them went Sir Ger-
ard Penderleith, his arm encircling the
waist of his pretty companion, his brown
eyes bent, with all the devotion of a
fond lover, in earnest expectancy and
entreaty, upon her face, across which
hung the shadow of trouble-of doubt.

Alma Penderleith—for of course it
could be no other—was some three years
younger than her cousin. Her form was
graceful in the extreme, but most deli-
cately fragile in appearance—an appear-
ance yet further added to by the light
robe of neutral tint that she wore.

She resembled one of those splendid
exotic parasites of tropical America,
which fade and die under the shadow of
a storm-cloud, or if deprived of some
stronger tree to cling to for support. The
resemblance went beyond her figure.

Her fair, gentle, Saxon face, her pensive
dark-blue eyes, even the soft, glossy
braids of her hair, told the same tale.

"Alma," whispered Gerard, in a low
tone, his slight tremor betraying the anx-
iety with which he spoke, "I have told
you all, dearest. Owing to an unfortu-
nate quarrel, years ago, between your
mother and mine, which the former has
never forgiven, Lady Penderleith has
not only rejected my suit, but declares,
if against her command you should wed
me, she will so squander and dispose of
her wealth, that at her death you shall
be penniless. I know it is right to tell
you this, as her ladyship may not do so;
and—and I am aware how strongly the
fact ought to bias your decision."

"Gerard," exclaimed Alma, with a
shudder, "she has told me; and, oh! you
cannot imagine how great was her an-
ger, how stern and cruel she looked
when she forbade me ever to see you
again!"

"Yet, my own darling, you are here!"
cried the young Baronet, rapturously.

"Happy enough! Still," and his man-
ner changed, "perhaps it is only to tell
me we are to part for ever!"

"Part!" ejaculated Alma, raising her eyes
in terror, and clinging closer to the arm
supporting her. "Oh, Gerard! what
should I do when separated from the
only one I am sure who truly loves me?"

She averted her face to conceal its
agitation, but her voice was full of
tears. In an instant, the Baronet had
clasped her to his heart, enfolding her
in those strong arms that ever imparted
courage and assured protection to the
trembling girl. Fondly he pressed his
lips to the parted tears upon her cheek,
and rejoined passionately:

"Love you, Alma?—yes, with my
whole soul! We will not—we must not
part! With you alone, darling, I rest!

Only consent to fly with me—to be
brave, to be strong—and a week hence
shall see us man and wife, when none
dare longer harm nor terrify you."

"But, Gerard, dear, my mother!"

"Whatever she does, yet she is that!"

"Assuredly; but has she acted like
one?" responded the young man, ferv-
ently. "Think of the present injustice to
you—of her ruining your happiness mere-
ly for her own selfish revenge! Does
not her behavior warrant your casting
off that allegiance which otherwise I
own it would be your duty to observe?
Oh, Alma, my love! Will you add her
to the work?"

Alma was silent, trembling with
alarm and uncertainty. They now were
standing in the small footpath stealing
and winding among the ferns, and the
moon, creeping up the sky, fell in a sil-
ver shower upon them.

"Alma," continued the Baronet, mis-
giving her white face from his breast to
gaze intently into the dark blue
eyes, "in pity to yourself, to me—if you
indeed, love me—consent! Despite what
she asserts, Lady Penderleith's anger
must be transient. Remember, you are
her only child!"

Alma shook her head sadly.

"That might be a reason with some
parents, Gerard; it would, I fear, little
influence mine. You do not know her
as I do. Since she has discovered our
love, her manner has been more harsh
and strange towards me. Frequently,
too, I have found her eyes fixed on mine
with an expression that has turned my
heart sick with an indescribable fear;
and I stand before her, trembling and
confused, as if detected in some crime.
Was she but aware that I thus secretly
met you, never should I survive her an-
ger. Never would I venture to the
house again; I would fly anywhere rather
than see her hold me powerless by their
gaze."

Gerard Penderleith, in such a case,
mentally wished that her ladyship did
know it; and that Alma's flight "any-
where" would be to his arms. But he
answered, "If, then, such is the mis-
erable, unnatural existence you are fore-
doomed to lead, darling, why passively sub-
cumb to it? Why not consent to be
mine—to accept the home I will give
you, which, if not so large and rich as
Penderleith, yet will bring you happi-
ness, love, and the affection of a moth-
er-kind than the one you quit—me,
Alma, who loves you already?"

"Ah! the life you describe would be
happiness, indeed—such as I have often,
when crazed, oh, so eagerly, after! But,
were I to say yes—were I to yield to
what my heart urges, dear! (and she
nestled closer to his side, shivering)—to-
morrow, her ladyship would read the
secret in my face. I could not prevent
her. Then what would become of me?"

"Avoid such an occurrence, my own
darling," he rejoined, bending over her,
his brown eyes glowing with affection,
with hope, "by flying to-night!"

"To-night?" she ejaculated, in amaz-
e. "Yes, dearest! Why not? To-night,
Rosset shall shelter you. A mother's
kiss shall welcome you there; and to-
morrow—tomorrow, he whispered, shall
see us man and wife!"

Alma returned his glance with a blush
of pleasure; then added, in accents of
alarm, "Hark! What was that, Gerard?"

"What, love? I heard her say noth-
ing. I fancied something moved among
the trees. The rising breeze, perhaps,
or a slumbering bird," remarked the
Baronet. "But I will look. Be compos-
ed; it is nothing."

Gerard Penderleith, making a round
of inspection, came back, repeating the
words, "It is nothing."

"I am so glad!" murmured poor Alma,
still rather white. "I dreaded some one
might be listening. And, oh! if these
stolen interviews should be discovered!"

The young Baronet reassured her,
and, to give her courage, placed his arm
once more protectively about her waist.

For ten minutes longer they continu-
ed strolling among the firs; then sepa-
rated, fearful of detection by prolonging
the interview. Besides, their parting,
this time, they intended to be brief, as
Gerard's last words showed.

"To-night, Alma, at twelve, you will
meet me here. A carriage shall be in
readiness at the west gate of the plan-
tation. You consent to fly with me,
dearest?"

"Yes, Gerard; have I not promised?"

"You will not permit your terrors to
overcome your love?"

"No! I have given you my word, dear.
Do not doubt me—I will come."

Once again he embraced her. A sec-
ond, they stood, hand clasped in hand;
then, with a smile, she passed swiftly
away up the path.

The Baronet watched till the last flut-
ter of her light dress among the tree-
trunks had disappeared, then himself
quitted the wood. Once turning, he
looked back at Penderleith. The moon
now fell on the other side, making the
outline of the vast ancient building hard,
sharp and gloomy in the extreme. Dark
and lowering, it cast a deep shadow,
like a foreboding of evil, over the place.

Not a light glimmered in the window.

"It is a dull home for one so fair, so
young, as Alma," he meditated. "Never
mind! To-morrow, another will be
hers. How cheerful and bright, in com-
parison. My sweet Alma!"

To-morrow! How little does the writ-
er of this—how little does the kind read-
er know what will happen to-morrow
How little did Gerard and Alma!

Indeed, to the latter, the evening was
to be eventful enough.

Once, as she quickly hurried on, the

same sensation seized her as in the fir-
wood—that some one was near, conceal-
ed among the trees.

Tremblingly she stopped to listen. All
was still, and gaining courage from the
silence, she continued her way.

The fir-wood opened upon a broad ex-
panse of pleasure-grounds, in front of
the house, but continuing at the sides,
met again at the back. Alma, avoid-
ing the open spaces, kept within the
shadow till she reached a small side
door, that led by a narrow flight of stairs
to the ruinous disused portion of the
dwelling, by which, unperceived, she
was ever able to gain her own apart-
ments.

"Safe!" she murmured, with a sigh of
exquisite relief, as she turned the key.

"Better, as Gerard says, to fly at once,
then to lead such a life of deceit and
terror as mine has been of late. How
is this?" she added, growing pale, as for
an instant the door resisted. "Has any
one bolted it or the inside?"

No; no other pressure, it yielded, and
she entered. Beyond the foot of the
stairs, was a small, square passage, its
obscurely lighted only by a discon-
nected window, draped by ivy. Carefully
reopening the door, Alma was preparing
to descend the stairs, when the blood in
every vein was chilled with horror by
feeling a hand placed heavily on her
arm.

She turned, then recoiled, with a
shriek, as her eyes rested on the face of
her mother, Lady Penderleith. But
what a face—what an expression! For-
cibly would it have recoiled to her sister-
in-law those terrible features seen in
the conservatory. It overwhelmed
Alma with terror, and she sank almost
fainting on the stairs.

"Rise up!" said Lady Penderleith, in a
harsh, monotonous tone, never releas-
ing her hold; "rise up, and come with me."

There was nothing in the words them-
selves, but there was that in the mode
of their utterance which made Alma
ejaculate, "Mother, in mercy, what would
you do?"

"Mother!" was the fierce repetition,
"I no longer recognize the title! You
have cast off the allegiance of the child;
henceforth I abandon that of the par-
ent! Miserable, ungrateful girl! Know
that I overheard everything which passed
to-night between you and him, whom
I will crush and torture by one means,
if I cannot in another. Come, I say—
There is much to be done to-night."

With a wondrous strength, Lady Pen-
derleith raised the shrinking, frighten-
ed Alma to her feet, and dragged her up
the stairs. On reaching the disused
suite of apartments, her ladyship pro-
ceeded to one her companion had never
seen before.

The rusty key grunted and shrieked,
as she turned it in the lock; but finally
yielding, she entered with Alma, and
locked it on the inside.

The young girl looked around her in
amazement. The room was of small dimen-
sions. The hangings were faded and
moth-eaten; the carpet was thick with
dust; a damp, mouldy smell pervaded
the atmosphere; while the moon, fall-
ing obliquely through the single win-
dow, produced strange shadows among
the lumbered up furniture.

Seized with a foreboding of danger,
Alma's limbs gave way, and, sinking
on her knees in fear and trembling, she
awaited what was to follow.

(To be continued next week.)

Our Chimney Corner.

MISS Little Preckham, an estimable
lady of extraordinary culture
passed to the brighter spheres of
et